



★ OUTLAWS OF THE WEST ★

NOVEMBER

OUTLAWS *of the* WEST

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
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Publication
10¢

P1
30

I'M CALLIN' YUH
OUT REAM! DRAW
OR RUN, YUH
CHISELIN
WEASEL!!

TODD REAM CAME TO
WEST TEXAS WITH FAST
GUN-HANDS, A SLICK
LAWYER AND PLANS FOR
A LEGAL LAND GRAB.
RAY MOULTRIE FOUND
THAT THE ONE WAY TO
BEAT REAM WAS TO
RIDE....

"The
OUTLAW
TRAIL"



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OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 22

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OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

THERE WASN'T ANY LAW IN WEST TEXAS WHEN RAY MOULTRIE ARRIVED WITH A WORN COLT AND A DRIVING AMBITION TO BUILD UP A RANCH! THE OUTLAWS AND INDIANS WERE DRIVEN OFF... HIS BROKEN 'M BRAND PROSPERED! THEN, THE LAW ARRIVED... WITH IT CAME TODD REAM, ARMED WITH FAST GUNS, A SLICK LAWYER, AND NO CONSCIENCE! THAT COMBINATION STARTED MOULTRIE DOWN...

THE OUTLAW TRAIL

I SHOULD'VE KNOWN, SHERIFF! TODD REAM PAID YOU OFF TOO! I'LL GO TO THE GALLONS FOR IT, BUT I'M STILL GLAD I FOUGHT AS LONG AS I COULD!

DON'T TALK THAT WAY, MOULTRIE! YUH BROKE THE LAW-- YUH GOTTA PAY JUST LIKE ANYONE ELSE!



JACK KELLER



5328

WHEN TODD REAM HIT WEST TEXAS, HIS PLANS WERE ALREADY FORMED! HE EVEN HAD THE TERRITORY HE INTENDED TO RULE MARKED OFF!



GET TO WORK, DYKES! RIG UP DUPLICATE DEEDS TO ALL THIS LAND! GET THE DOLTS INTO COURT-- TIE THEM UP LEGALLY! I'LL DO THE REST!

MEN OUT HERE SHOOT FIRST AND TALK LATER, MISTER REAM! IT'LL BE RISKY!



THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT! IF THEY DO, I'LL LET THE LAW DO MY WORK FOR ME!

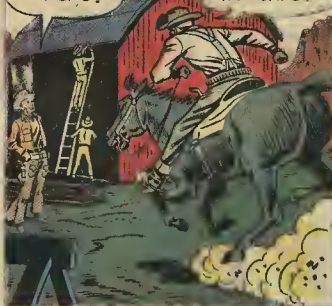


OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

RAY MOULTRIE
HAD SIX
THOUSAND
SCRAWNY
TEXAS
LONGHORNS
WEARING
HIS BRAND
BY THEN!
HE WAS
BUILDING
A NEW BARN
WHEN THE
FIRST HINT
OF TROUBLE
ARRIVED...

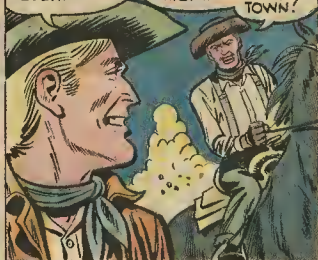
HEY, JICK, DON'T
RUIN A GOOD
HOSS! WHAT'S
WRONG?

YUH GOT TROUBLE
RAY! A GENTIN
TOWN CLAIMS
THIS LAND!



THAT'S NOTHIN'
TUH RAISE A
LATHER OVER,
JICK! I ALREADY
OWN THIS RANCH
FREE AN'
CLEAR!

MEBBE, BUT A TIN-
HORN NAMED TODD
REAM GOT A PAPER
SHOWIN' HE OWNS
IT! YUH BETTER GET
YORE DEED AN'
HIGHTAIL IT TUH
TOWN!



LATER THAT SAME DAY...

COUNTY CLERK'S
OFFICE



THESE DEEDS ARE THE REAL
ONES! YUH SIGNED 'EM
YORESELF, FELIX! THIS
FOUR-FLUSHER'S
NOTHIN' BUT A BLASTED
CROOK!

DON'T SAY THAT,
RAY! WE'VE GOT
A SHERIFF AND A
JUDGE TO SETTLE
THAT!



YUH'RE RIGHT, FELIX!
I FEEL LIKE WHIPPIN'
THE DUDE RIGHT OUTA
TEXAS, BUT I WON'T!
I'LL DO EVERYTHIN'
LEGAL-LIKE!

THAT'S BEIN'
SENSIBLE,
RAY! LET'S
GO SEE
JUDGE
RUNNELS!

BUT TODD
REAM HAD
GOTTEN
THERE
FIRST!
JUDGE
RUNNELS
PRIDED
HIMSELF
ON HAVING
AN OPEN
MIND...
TODD
REAM
PLAYED
ON THAT
PRIDE...



MISTER, I DISPENSE JUSTICE,
FRIENDSHIP DOESN'T COUNT
A BIT IN MY COURT!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

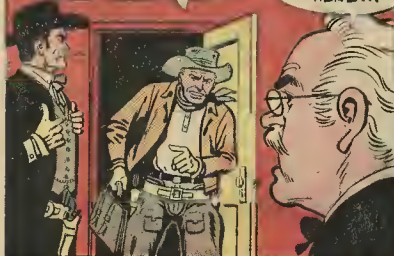
AT THAT MOMENT...

JUDGE, I'VE

WHOA,

GOT MY
DEEDS HERE! WHO'S THIS
TINHORN THINK HE'S FOOLIN'
WITH HIS FORGED PAPERS?
HE OUGHTA BE LOCKED UP!

MOULTRIE!
HOLD YOUR
TONGUE AND
MIND YOUR
MANNERS
HERE...



...MR. REAM HAD THE DECENCY TO PRESENT
HIS CASE QUIETLY-- HE REALIZED THAT
I'LL DECIDE WHAT'S RIGHT. I'LL HEAR
THIS CASE IN COURT. MEANWHILE,
MOULTRIE, THE COURT WILL SEE TO IT
THAT YOU DON'T SELL OFF YOUR LAND
OR CATTLE UNTIL THE
REAL OWNER IS
DETERMINED.



YOU'RE IN WEST TEXAS, TINHORN! IF
YUH'LL STEP OUTSIDE, I'LL SHOW YUH
HOW WE FIGGER OUT WHO'S
SWINDLIN' WHO!



I'LL DEFEND MYSELF IF I MUST,
MOULTRIE! BUT THERE'S A
SHERIFF IN THIS COUNTRY--
REMEMBER THAT! GOOD
AFTERNOON, YOUR HONOR!



EVERYONE
IN TOWN
KNEW
MOULTRIE
WAS OUT
TO GET
EVEN
WITH THE
SUCK
STRANGER!
THE SHERIFF,
JOHNNY
DANNERS
HEARD
ABOUT IT
FAST...

DON'T GO GUNNIN'
FOR 'IM, RAY. I'M
WARNIN' YUH!

HE'S TRYIN' TUH
SUCKER ME
OUTA MY
LAND!



WE GOT LAW HERE
NOW, RAY! THE
RIGHT MAN COMES
OUT ON TOP! STAY
AWAY FROM
REAM!

I LIKED YUH BETTER
NOW, RAY! WERE
OUTA WORK,
DANNERS! STAY
AWAY FROM ME
FROM NOW ON!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

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OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

BUT THEY SAW RAY SITTING AT A REAR TABLE THAT NIGHT...

RAY'S GONNA BUST THIS TOWN WIDE OPEN ANY MINUTE!

YEAH, IF I WAS THAT DUDE, I'D HEAD FER THE HILLS, PRONTO!



THEY ALL SAW HIM LEAVE, STEPPING INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE UNLIGHTED STREET... AND DISAPPEAR! THEN, THEY HEARD THE SHOT...

HEAR THAT? REASON MOULTRIE FIXED THE DUDE THAT TIME!



WHERE'S THE...? OH, SHERIFF! I DEMAND YOU ARREST MOULTRIE! LOOK AT THIS! HE SHOT AT ME WITHOUT GIVING ME A CHANCE TO DRAW!

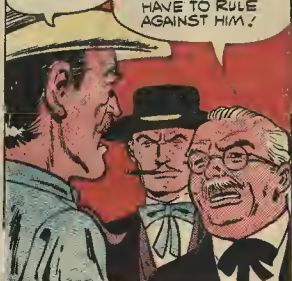
I WARNED HIM -- NOW HE'LL HAVE TUH TAKE HIS MEDICINE!



SHERIFF, JOHNNY DANVERS, GOT A POSSE TOGETHER! THEY COMBED THE TOWN WITH NO LUCK! BY NOON, THE NEXT DAY, THE LAW-MAN ADMITTED HE WAS STUMPED...

HE'S NOT AT HIS RANCH... HE AIN'T IN TOWN EITHER!

IF HE DOESN'T SHOW UP IN COURT TO PLEAD HIS CASE AGAINST MR. REAM, I'LL HAVE TO RULE AGAINST HIM!



IF HE DOES, I'LL DEMAND HIS ARREST FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER!

THE WAY THE JUDGE SAW IT, HE DID THE ONLY THING HE COULD DO... HE RULED THAT RAY MOULTRIE'S DEEDS WERE VOID... REAM WAS AWARDED THE RANCH...

I DID IT, BOSS! TRICKING THAT JUDGE AND JURY WAS SIMPLE!

YEAH, BUT MOULTRIE WON'T GIVE UP! WATCH YOURSELF, DYKES, YOUR LIFE ISN'T WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL FROM NOW ON!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

RAY MOULTRIE WAS IN TOWN THAT DAY. HE HEARD THE VERDICT IN A FRIEND'S HOUSE...

IT'S ME, RAY! EASE THAT HAMMER DOWN, I HEARD YUH COCK IT!

HE WON, DIDN'T HE, JOHNNY?

YEAH! I DUNNO WHAT TUH DO, JOHNNY! DO YOU KNOW?

IT LOOKS TUH ME LIKE REAM'S GONNA GET YUH SENT TUH YUMA PRISON BEFORE HE'S THROUGH! HE'S TELLIN' FOLKS IN TOWN YUH'LL BE BACK TUH GET HIM OR HIS LAWYER!

I GET IT-- THAT LAWYER BETTER STAY OUTA DARK ALLEYS! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO, JOHNNY, LISTEN...

EVERYONE EXPECTED RAY MOULTRIE TO DO WHAT ANY TEXAN WOULD DO! TO GET REVENGE WITH THE BUSINESS END OF A COLT! AND THEY WEREN'T DISAPPOINTED...

MOULTRIE SHOT REAM'S LAWYER! I KNEW IT'D HAPPEN!

BLAM!

GET THE SHERIFF! MOULTRIE SHOT HIM DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!

WE CAN'T BE SURE RAY MOULTRIE BUSHWHACKED 'IM, REAM!

LET... ME SAY...

SHUT UP, DYKES! SAVE YOUR STRENGTH! SHERIFF, I DEMAND THAT YOU ARREST MOULTRIE!

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

RAY MOUTRIE WASN'T FAR AWAY -- HE HEARD EVERY WORD...

I OUGHTA END THIS RIGHT NOW! THAT DUDE IS OUTSMARTIN' US ALL!



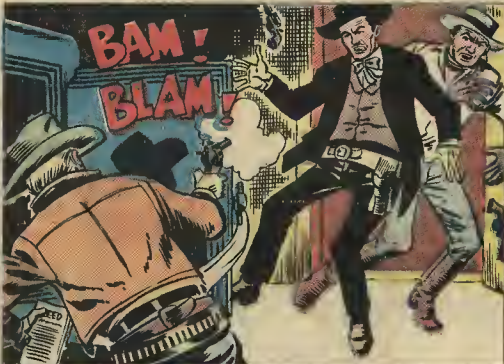
MOUTRIE MADE HIS FIRST MOVE THEN -- HE HEADED FOR REAM'S OFFICE...

HE'S SURE WELL HEELED -- THIS MONEY'S **BRAND NEW!** IT'S STILL BANDED THE WAY IT CAME FROM THE GOVERNMENT BANK! HERE'S THE DEEDS -- I'LL JUST TAKE 'EM ALONG!



HOLD IT, MOUTRIE! JUST DON'T MOVE A FINGER...

HE WON'T MISS THIS CHANCE! REAM'LL START THROWIN' LEAD ANY MINUTE!



WAIT UP, MOUTRIE! DON'T RUN!



MOUTRIE DIDN'T WAIT... HE HEADED WEST FOR THE BADLANDS...

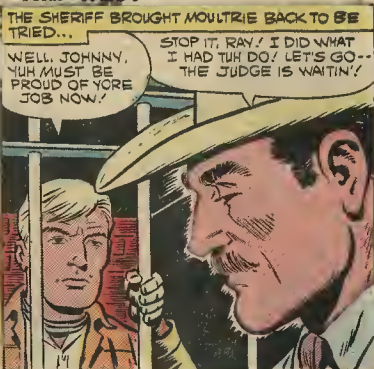
I'M AN OUTLAW FOR SURE NOW... BUT I HAD TO RUN OR REAM WOULD'VE SHOT ME!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



PUT UP YORE HANDS, MOULTRIE! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



THE SHERIFF BROUGHT MOULTRIE BACK TO BE TRIED...

WELL, JOHNNY, YUH MUST BE PROUD OF YORE JOB NOW!

STOP IT, RAY! I DID WHAT I HAD TUH DO! LET'S GO-- THE JUDGE IS WAITIN'!

TODD REAM AND HIS LAWYER FIGURED THEY HAD MOULTRIE ALL SEWED UP! THEY TESTIFIED... THEN THE STATE CALLED UP JOHN DANNERS, THE SHERIFF...

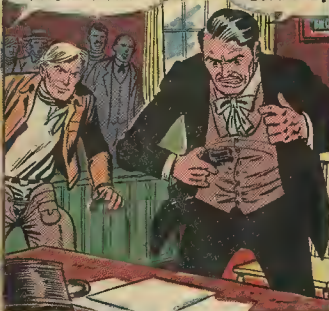
I KNEW REAM WAS A CROOK RIGHT ALONG! RAY MOULTRIE WAS HIDING IN MY HOUSE WHEN REAM SAYS HE SAW HIM SHOOT THAT CROOKED LAWYER!

ARE YOU SURE, SHERIFF?



SURE, WE'VE GOT PROOF! HIM AN' THE LAWYER FORGED THE DEEDS! FELIX, THE TOWN CLERK, WILL PROVE THAT!

YOU COW-TOWN HEROES WON'T BEAT ME!



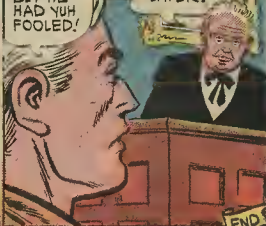
REAM WAS ARROGANT... HE DIDN'T THINK MOULTRIE WOULD DARE COME AT HIM WITHOUT A GUN! HE DIDN'T KNOW HIS TEXANS...

NICE, RAY!



WELL, I RECKON YUH DID VORE BEST, JUDGE, BUT HE HAD YUH FOOLED!

THE COURTS CAN BE WRONG, MISTER! THIS TIME, I MADE A MISTAKE! BUT WRONGS ARE ALWAYS RIGHTED SOONER OR LATER!



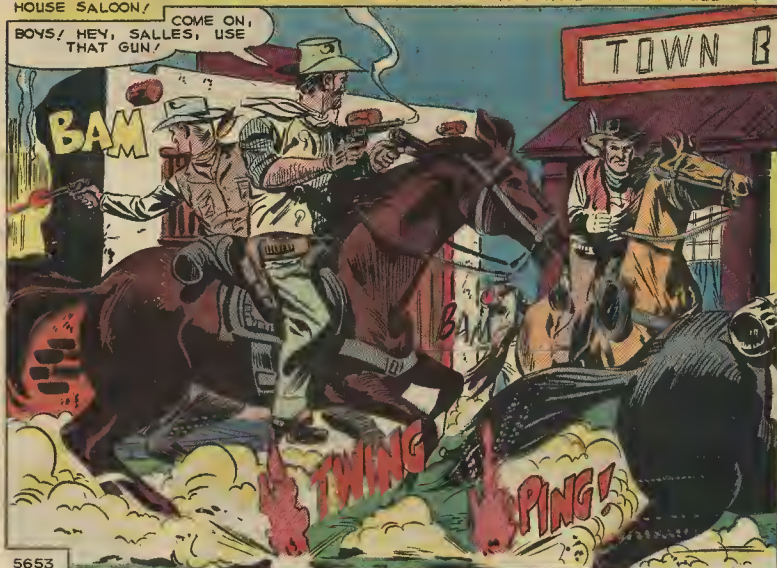
END!

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

APPRENTICE BADMAN

WHEN THEY BLEW OUT THE SIDE OF THE LOBO WELLS JAIL, THE RIA BLANCA GANG TOOK EVERY PRISONER IN THEIR RUN FOR FREEDOM! JOE SEGURA, THE LEADER OF THE OWLHOOTERS, NEEDED MEN FOR HIS BAND... EVEN MEN LIKE LEO SALLES, A PETTY THIEF JAILED FOR TAKING MONEY FROM THE FARO TABLE IN THE FULL HOUSE SALOON!

COME ON,
BOYS! HEY, SALLES, USE
THAT GUN!



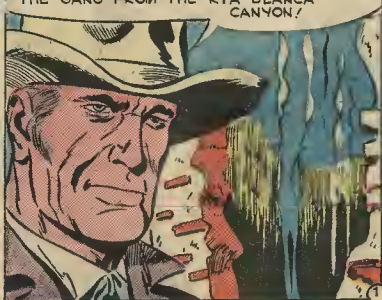
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COME ON, BILL,
WE CAN CATCH
'EM!

WE DON'T WANT
TO, JODY! LET
THEM GO...

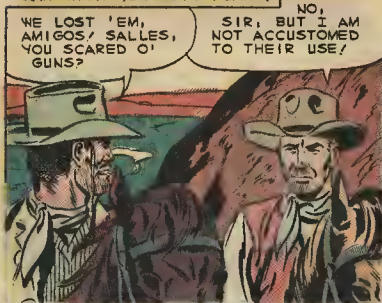


I HAD A HUNCH JOE SEGURA WOULD
BREAK OUT... SO I TOOK STEPS TUH
MAKE SURE I'D GET HIM BACK WHEN
I WANTED HIM! PLUS THE REST OF
THE GANG FROM THE RIA BLANCA
CANYON!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

JOE SEGURA, AN OUTLAW WHO'D SPENT MOST OF HIS ADULT LIFE IN PRISON, WAS A DESPERATE, RUTHLESS MAN...A MAN WITH VERY BIG PLANS!



WE LOST 'EM, AMIGOS! SALLIES, YOU SCARED O' GUNS?

NO, SIR, BUT I AM NOT ACCUSTOMED TO THEIR USE!

MAYBE YOU'LL TEACH ME HOW TO USE A REVOLVER WHEN YOU HAVE TIME, BOSS?

SURE...WHY NOT? COME ON, LET'S GET ALONG TUH THE RIA BLANCA!



SEGURA HAD MORE THAN TWENTY GUN-SLINGERS IN HIS RIVER CANYON CAMP...AND THERE WERE SENTRIES POSTED WHO HAD SHARP EYES!



HOLD IT, YOU IDJIT! IT'S ME...JOE SEGURA!

PING!

GEE, BOSS, YOU OWN THIS TOWN?



YEAH, IT'S ALL MINE, EVERY ROTTEN BOARD AN' CRUMB-LIN! CHIMNEY! WE GOT PLENTY O' SUPPLIES AND AMMUNITION HERE TOO!

NOBODY C'N GET AT US IN HERE! UNSADDLE THE HORSES AN' RUB 'EM DOWN! YOU'VE GOTTA BE USEFUL AROUND HERE OR ELSE...

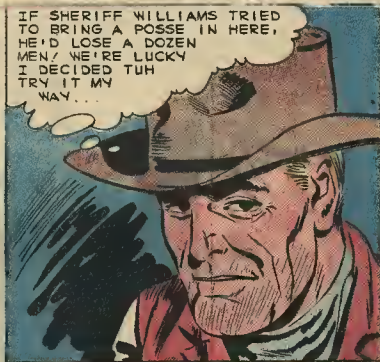


OR ELSE?

OR ELSE THIS, YOU CLOWN!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

LET'S GO---SEGURA WANTS
TUH SEE YUH ANYHOW/
WE'RE GONNA USE YOU
ON THE NEXT JOB!



SEGURA ALWAYS PLANNED CAREFULLY.
THIS TIME, HE EVEN HAD A PLAN FOR
GETTING CAUGHT!

LOOK,
SONNY, THERE'S A CHANCE
THE LAWMAN IN BENTON
MAY GET WISE IN TIME
TUH SHOOT US UP/
THAT'S WHERE YOU
COME IN!

ME? I
...I'M
NOT VERY
GOOD WITH
GUNS!



YOU WON'T HAVE TO BE/
YOU'LL RIDE TUH BEN-
TON AN HOUR AHEAD OF
US, ACT
INNOCENT,
STAND
OUTSIDE
THE
BANK...

I'VE GOT
IT SO FAR,
BOSS...



WHEN WE COME OUT, YOU
KEEP QUIET, NO GUN
SHONIN'! IF WE GET
AWAY, YOU RIDE OUT
THE OTHER
END OF TOWN
IN THE CON-
FUSION,
THEN JOIN
UP WITH US
BACK HERE!

WHAT IF
THERE'S
TROUBLE?



IF WE HAVE TROUBLE, YOU
OPEN UP ON THE SHERIFF
FROM BEHIND! THAT WAY,
WE'LL BE A CINCH TUH
MAKE IT OUTA TOWN!
DON'T FAIL! IF YUH DO,
I'LL HUNT YUH DOWN!



THAT'S
THE
WAY
IT
WAS--
LEO
SALLES
RODE
AHEAD
FOR
BENTON
--HE
WAS
JUE
SEGURA'S
BAIT
FOR
THE
LAWMEN
IF
TROUBLE
STARTED!

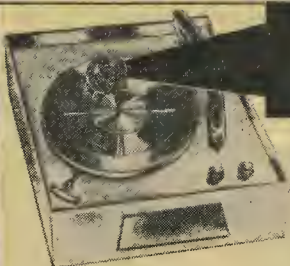
THIS SHOULD BE EASY! I'LL
FIND THE LOCAL SHERIFF,
TELL HIM THE PLAN, THEN
WE TAKE SEGURA AND HIS
WHOLE GANG!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

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☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. and shipping charge.

Name _____
Address _____

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

IT WASN'T THAT EASY... THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE WITH ALL THE ABLE-BODIED MEN IN TOWN WERE OUT ON THE TRAIL!

THERE'S NOT A MAN IN TOWN, STRANGER! WHY?

LOOK, DAD, TROUBLE'S COMIN' TO TOWN RIGHT QUICK! SPREAD THE WORD--GET THE WOMEN AND KIDS UNDER COVER! TELL THE BANKER TO LOCK HIS DOORS!

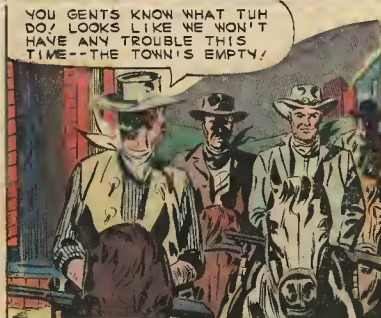


I'VE GOT TO DO IT ALONE!



SEGURA AND HIS FOUR GUNNIPS RODE IN, COCKY AND DANGEROUS...

YOU GENTS KNOW WHAT TUN DO, LOOKS LIKE WE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE THIS TIME--THE TOWN'S EMPTY!



WHERE'S THE MEN, SALLES? THEY HIDING? IS THIS A TRAP?

THE SHERIFF TOOK A POSSE OUT THIS MORNIN'--IT'S NOT A TRAP!



WHAT'S WRONG, SALLES? THIS DOOR IS LOCKED!

THE ROADS OUT ARE BLOCKED, SEGURA! THROW DOWN YORE GUN--YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



THEY ALL CUT LOOSE AT ONCE. EVERY OUTLAW SHOT AT LEO SALLES BUT THE UNDERCOVER LAWMAN WAS MOVING FAST!

CUT I'M DOWN!



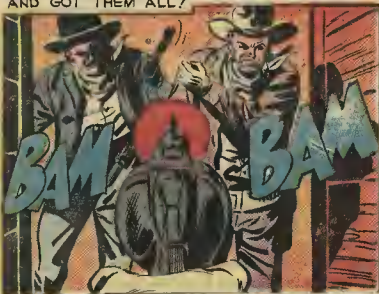
OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



FIVE THOUSAND TUN THE
ONE WHO GETS HIM!



SALLES WAS HIT, THEN HE WAS CREASED
AGAIN--THE OUTLAWS' WERE FILLING
THE AIR AROUND HIM WITH LEAD--
WHILE HE COLDLY AIMED AND FIRED--
AND GOT THEM ALL!



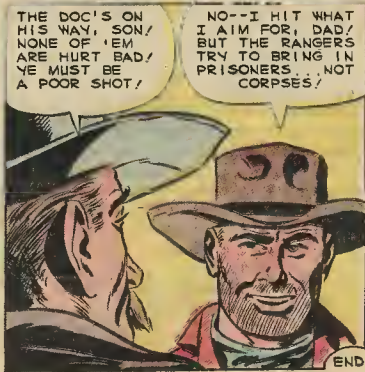
IF ONE OF YUH
MAKES A MOVE,
I'LL PUT ANOTHER
SLUG WHERE IT
WON'T TICKLE!

I'LL WATCH
'EM FOR YUH,
YOUNGSTER!



THE DOC'S ON
HIS WAY, SON/
NONE OF 'EM
ARE HURT BAD/
YE MUST BE
A POOR SHOT!

NO--I HIT WHAT
I AIM FOR, DAD/
BUT THE RANGERS
TRY TO BRING IN
PRISONERS, NOT
CORPSES!



END

DECOY

FRED CAMMER reined up sharply and stared at the door of his two-room cabin. His big hands trembled. If he had been asked whether that was caused by rage or fear, he couldn't have answered.

"Combination," he might have drawled in his word-saving manner of speech.

Fred sat tall in the saddle. His shoulders were broad, his face bore a strong, rock-like quality. His hands were big and tough. He appeared not to be the type of man who would scare easily and yet, as he stared at his door, there was a second when ice gripped his heart.

On that door was his death warrant. Nothing as crude and straightforward as a scrawled note, but nevertheless a message that spelled his doom as surely as if it had been printed in black letters ten feet high.

It was there, a bird's nest, impaled against the door by a long-bladed knife.

Fred Cammer sat still and looked at it. A flood of emotions surged through his brain and heart. That he had long expected it didn't ease the shock. To him the message on the door read, "Kill the nester."

"Like a wreath!" he said aloud and his shoulders shook with mirthless, near-hysterical laughter. Then he leaped from his horse and tore the knife savagely from the door and hurled it to the ground.

"Trouble, Fred?" asked a voice behind him.

Fred turned. The U. S. Marshal, astride his big, white stallion, was looking down at him.

Wordlessly, Fred pointed at the nest and knife on the ground.

"Notice to vacate, eh?" said the Marshal gravely. "You aim to leave?"

Fred shook his head from side to side.

"I saw smoke in the sky, thought there might be trouble and rode on out," said the Marshal.

"Barn burned," responded Fred.

"Know who did it? Want to make any charges?" asked the Marshal.

Fred laughed, bitterly.

His barn had been burned, his fences cut. Horses had trampled his corn. But he had no

proof of anything, nothing the law could help him with.

The Marshal spoke again to the taciturn farmer. "Boy, I admire your courage, but I won't say it's not downright foolish. True, you've got the law on your side. I know you have government papers that say this land is yours. I know you mind your own business and abide by the law. You're not hurting anybody. But cattlemen somehow just can't abide nesters and there are some mighty mean cattlemen sometimes."

The lawman paused. He wasn't naming names, but Fred Cammer knew he was referring to Bradley Duke, the local beef baron, and his men. Bradley Duke was a gun-slinging cattle king who had a reputation for killing anything or anybody who got in his way. Many a nester who'd tried to oppose him had become buzzard bait.

"I won't stand for murder," continued the Marshal. "I'll clamp down on anybody, nester or cattleman, I find getting out of line. But this is a mighty big country and sometimes murder is hard to prove. If you're determined to stay here, I'll do what I can for you, boy, but you're going to have to be ready to protect yourself. Be careful."

"Thanks," said Fred, grimly, as the Marshal turned his mount and rode away.

Fred entered the cabin and threw him on his bunk, his hands behind his head. He stared at the rough hewn ceiling. A stranger might have thought this the gesture of despair; of a man who had given up who was lying down waiting for death to come and get him. But anyone who knew Fred Cammer would have known better. He was thinking. He was planning. His body was relaxed, but his mind was active. No matter what the odds, Fred would go down fighting.

As he stared at the ceiling, he tried to visualize what Bradley Duke would do next. Dry gulching was the likeliest possibility. Somewhere, hidden partially by a rock, a rifle would gleam. Then a bullet would drive into the back

of Fred's head. That was the pattern. That was what was believed to have happened to other nesters.

"Well, maybe I can beat Bradley Duke at his own game," thought Fred at last. He eased his lanky frame up from the bunk and left the cabin.

Still lying in the corn patch where horsemen had knocked it over was the partly broken frame of a scarecrow. It had been one of the first things the nester had erected on his "farm."

"Doesn't scare anything," he once explained to the Marshal, "but it's company."

Carrying the scarecrow, he led his horse into a shed and started working. Presently he led the horse out again and, seated in the saddle, was a reasonably accurate facsimile of himself. Stuffed and padded and lashed to the saddle was a dummy in Fred's hat, shirt and pants.

"From a distance it'll look all right," Fred told himself. He led his decoy through the gate and sent the obedient horse ambling down the trail toward town. Fred himself circled and clambered up rocks to the ledge overlooking the road. He carried a shotgun.

As he neared the top he worked cautiously, making sure that no crumbled rock was dislodged by his footsteps. He found a crack between two jutting rocks and peered cautiously through. He saw what he had anticipated. Lying low on a ledge not twenty feet away was Bradley Duke, his rifle barrel gleaming. Duke had his back to Fred, his eyes on the narrow trail. Off to the left a tiny cloud of dust was getting larger. Fred's faithful horse was mingling along as scheduled, carrying the dummy.

"The rat! He wouldn't even give a man a fighting chance," thought Fred.

"Here comes the nester, right on schedule," thought Duke. "How can these greenhorns be so dumb?"

Fred made himself as comfortable as possible, keeping the shotgun ready. "As soon as he fires at the dummy, I'll have him dead to rights," he thought. He watched patiently.

Presently the steady clop-clop of the horse could be heard and then Duke raised his gun a little, began taking careful aim.

"Oh, no! Not that angle! Liable to hit the horse!" Fred was unaware he had spoken aloud.

Duke whirled and fired.

Despite a slug in his shoulder, Fred leaped and covered the several feet in two jumps. His big fist caught the side of Bradley Duke's jaw before the cattle king could shoot again. Just to make sure, Fred slammed his other fist against the man's nose. Duke sprawled on the ledge, his rifle clattering on the rocks.

"He was aiming to murder me, all right, but I don't know whether I've got a case," mused Fred, aloud.

"You've got a case, all right," said a voice behind him. "I saw the whole thing." It was the Marshal.

Not being as word-frugal as the nester, the Marshal readily explained that he, too, had figured out that Duke would probably try to dry gulch Fred. He admitted he had been surprised to discover Fred in the role of stalker rather than stalked. He said he had lain low in the rocks, awaiting developments, but had had his gun ready to prevent any killings.

"There's no doubt," continued the Marshal, "but what I can get Bradley Duke convicted of attempted murder. It's an open and shut case and people around here have been getting a mite tired of his high-handed ways. He'll go to jail, all right."

"That's good," said Fred. "Then maybe I can run my little spread in peace."

"I doubt it," said the Marshal, dryly. "You'll be in jail, too."

"What?"

"There can be no doubt you were going to shoot Duke in the back if you hadn't got worried and excited about your horse," said the lawman, pointing at Fred's shotgun. "Attempted murder's as bad for one as it is for another. I like you personally, boy, but the law's the law. You were aiming to shoot him and you'll go to jail, too."

Fred laughed.

"What's so funny?" demanded the Marshal.

"Look at my gun," suggested Fred.

The Marshal did so. "Well, I'll be hanged!" he exclaimed. "It's not loaded! Empty! Well, well. I guess you can't accuse a man of wanting to shoot somebody if his gun isn't even loaded!"

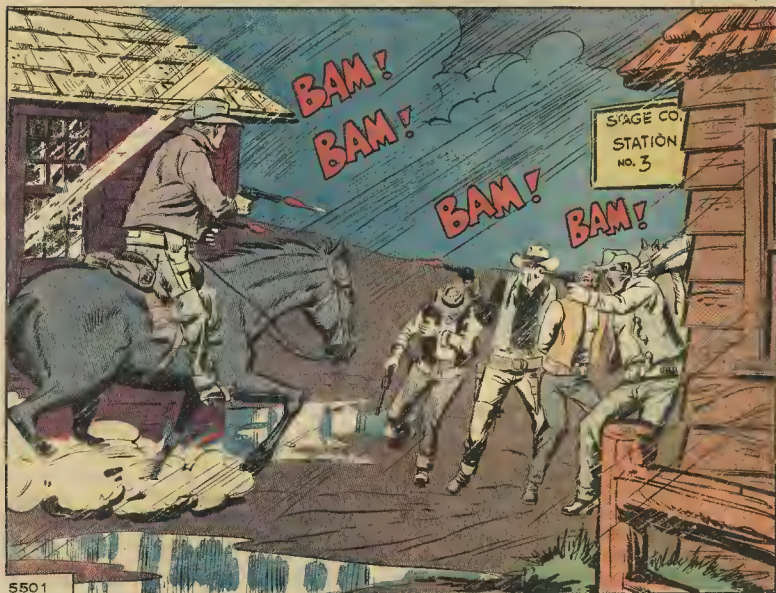
"No, I never wanted to shoot anybody," agreed Fred. "I just want to live and let live."

THE END

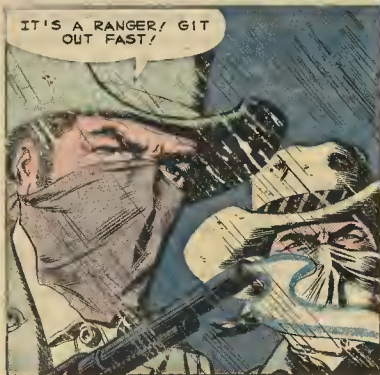
OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

THE STORM!

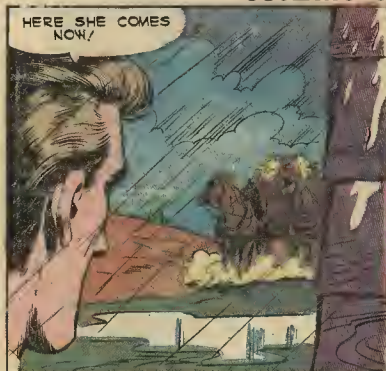
THE RIVER WAS A RAGING, SWOLLEN MASS OF WATER! THE WHOLE COUNTRY WAS SODDEN, WIND AND STORM SWEEP, THE NIGHT THAT TEXAS RANGER, JIM HARDIN, RODE INTO THE STAGE STATION, HIS GUNS BOOMING ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE ELEMENTS.



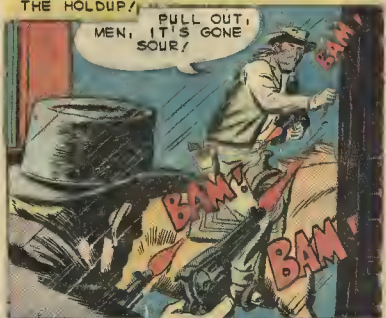
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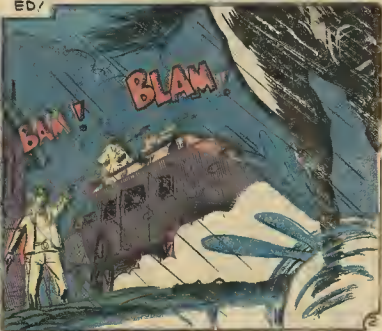
OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



IN THAT MOMENT, RANGER, JIM HARDIN, STEPPED OUT OF THE STATION; HIS GUNS HAMMERING THEIR PROTEST AT THE HOLDUP!



THEY SPURRED AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS AS QUICKLY AS THEY HAD APPEARED!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



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NOTHING TO BUY! YES, THAT' RIGHT!

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NAME AGE

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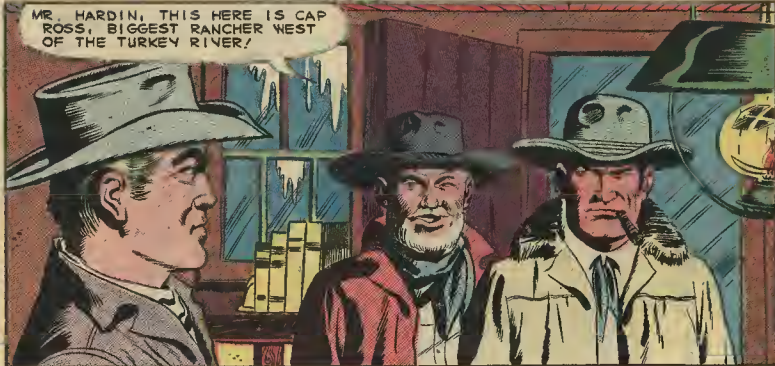
ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

ZENITH CO., Dept. NM-4, 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

MR. HARDIN, THIS HERE IS CAP ROSS, BIGGEST RANCHER WEST OF THE TURKEY RIVER!



GLAD TO KNOW YUH, RANGER!

YOU MUST BE CARRYIN' PLENTY DINERO IN THAT BOX THE WAY THE OUTLAWS'VE BEEN AFTER IT!



JACK AND THE SHOTGUN GUARD EXCHANGED A STRANGE GLANCE! THEN, AS THOUGH AN UNSPOKEN AGREEMENT HAD BEEN COME TO, JACK SPOKE!

RECKON YOU FOLKS MIGHT AS WELL KNOW! AIN'T NO MONEY AT ALL IN THE BOX! IT'S FILLED WITH PLAGUE SERUM! THE TOWN OF TURKEY BEND AN' THE NESTERS WEST OF THE RIVER HAVE ALL BEEN HIT BY THE PLAGUE!

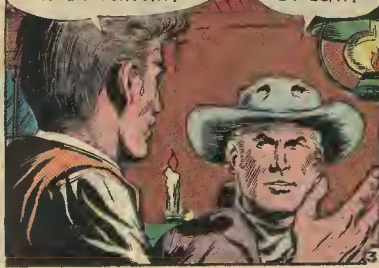


THIS SERUM HAS GOT TO GIT ACROSS THE RIVER!



WITH THE BRIDGE OUT, AIN'T NO WAY OVER! CEPT OF COURSE BY THE FLATBOAT MOORED BELOW, BUT THAT'D BE SUICIDE IN THAT RIVER TONIGHT!

I'VE SEEN WHAT THE PLAGUE CAN DO! I'LL TRY TO GIT IT ACROSS BY BOAT!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



I'LL GO WITH YOU!

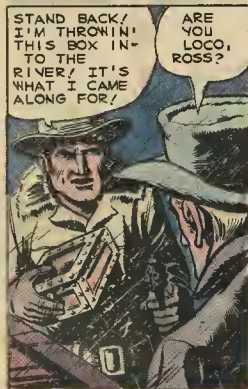


NO TIME TO WASTE!
THE RIVER'S GETTIN'
WORSE EVERY MINUTE!
LET'S GO!

MAN, YOU'LL
NEVER MAKE
IT! AIN'T
NOTHIN' KIN
LIVE IN THAT
RIVER TONIGHT!

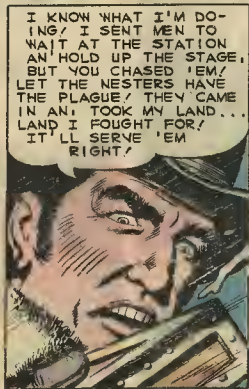


PULL ON THE OVERHEAD ROPE!
IT'S ATTACHED TO THE OTHER
SHORE! IF WE LOSE THAT ROPE,
WE'RE THROUGH!



STAND BACK!
I'M THROWIN'
THIS BOX IN-
TO THE
RIVER! IT'S
WHAT I CAME
ALONG FOR!

ARE
YOU
LOCO,
ROSS?



I KNOW WHAT I'M DO-
ING! I SENT MEN TO
WAIT AT THE STATION
AN HOLD UP THE STAGE,
BUT YOU CHASED 'EM!
LET THE NESTERS HAVE
THE PLAGUE! THEY CAME
IN AN, TOOK MY LAND...
LAND I FOUGHT FOR!
IT'LL SERVE 'EM
RIGHT!



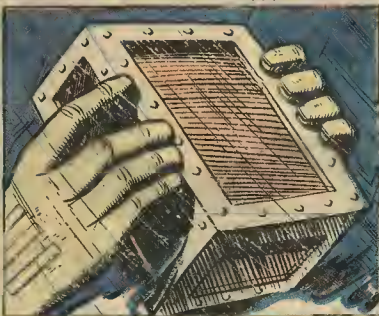
YOU HEART-
LESS COYOTE
...GIVE ME
THAT!

I
WARNED
YOU NOT
TO INTER-
FERE!

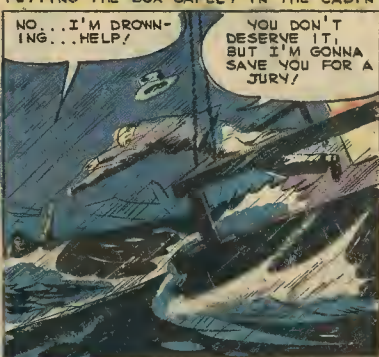
OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



ACTING FASTER THAN HE EVER HAD IN HIS LIFE, JIM HARDIN, FLUNG HIMSELF AFTER THE BOX AND...



PUTTING THE BOX SAFELY IN THE CABIN



END

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST RED FOGARTY'S FRIENDS

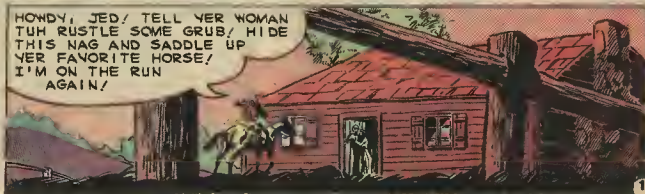
RED FOGARTY WAS FEARED WHEREVER HE RODE IN THE BADLANDS--HIS GUNS BOUGHT HIM FEAR--HIS STOLEN GOLD BOUGHT HIM SHELTER--AND IT WAS FOGARTY'S BRAG THAT THE LAW WOULD NEVER TOUCH HIM WHILE HE WAS IN THE HILLS AMONG HIS FRIENDS!



5654

YES, FOGARTY WAS FEARED... HE KNEW THAT! AND HE WAS HATED... BUT THE OUTLAW HAD NO IDEA HOW MUCH!

HOWDY, JED! TELL YER WOMAN TUH RUSTLE SOME GRUB, HIDE THIS NAG AND SADDLE UP YER FAVORITE HORSE! I'M ON THE RUN AGAIN!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

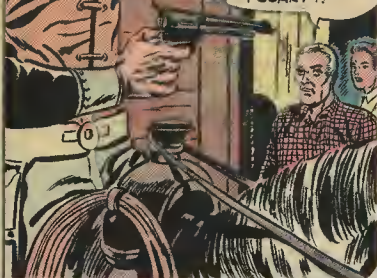
LISTEN, RED, WE
DON'T WANT YOUR
MONEY... LEAVE
US ALONE/ RIDE
ON, WE'RE LAW-
ABIDIN' PEOPLE!

I DON'T LIKE
THAT TALK, JED/
DO LIKE I SAID
...PRONTO!



YUH KNOW I PAY WELL,
SODBUSTER! GIT GOIN'!

I CAN'T
ARGUE I RECKON,
FOGARTY!



HERE... BUY THE WOMAN
A NEW DRESS AN' TELL
HER TUH HURRY THAT
GRUB/ NEXT TIME,
I WON'T AIM TO MISS,
SO DON'T ARGUE!



FOGARTY RODE ON... SURE THAT HIS MON-
EY AND GUNS HAD ENSLAVED JED BARKLEY
FOREVER!

OH, JED, I
WAS AFRAID HE'D
KILL YOU/ HE'S
A HORRIBLE MAN!

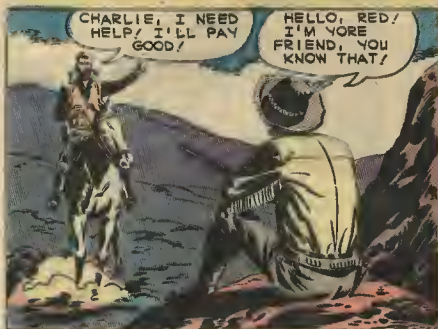


I'VE TAKEN HIS
MONEY FOR THE
LAST TIME,
MARY/ I'M
THROUGH
JUMPIN' WHEN
RED FOGARTY
HOLLERS!

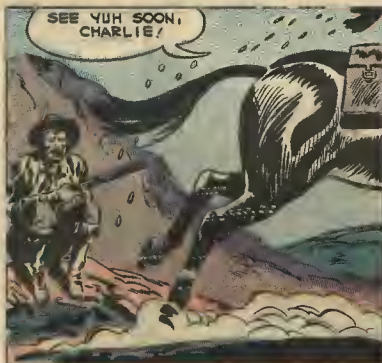


OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

FOGARTY HAD OTHER FRIENDS...MEN LIKE THE LONER THEY CALLED COMANCHE CHARLIE!

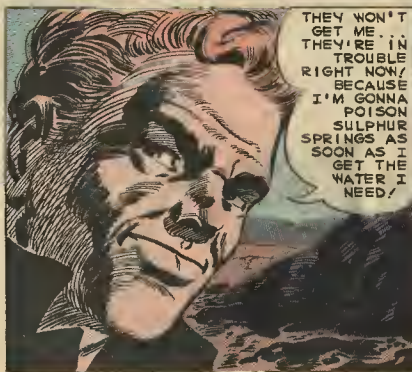


THERE'S A POSSE HUNTIN' YUH RIGHT NOW! THEY'RE YONDER ON THAT CLIFF! THEY PROBABLY SEEN YUH COME IN...YUH'D BETTER HEAD FOR SULPHUR SPRINGS!



SULPHUR SPRINGS, THE LAST WATER ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT, WAS AHEAD OF FOGARTY WHEN HE SAW THE DUST CLOUD RISING BEHIND HIM...

THEY'RE AFTER ME ...CHARLIE WAS RIGHT!



OUTLAWS OF THE WEST



RED FOGARTY WAS DESPERATE... FEAR WAS IN HIM, BURNING FEAR, AND HE KNEW HE HAD TO RUN FROM THE LAW MEN ON HIS TRAIL!



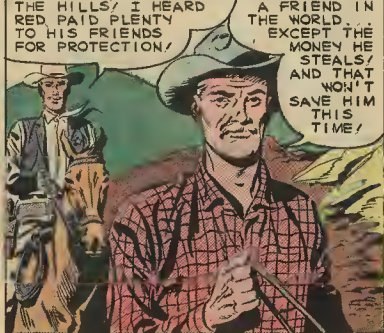
OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

BEHIND HIM... A LONG WAY BACK...
THERE WAS A LAWMAN ON THE TRAIL!



I DIDN'T EXPECT HELP FROM YOU PEOPLE IN THE HILLS! I HEARD RED PAID PLENTY TO HIS FRIENDS FOR PROTECTION!

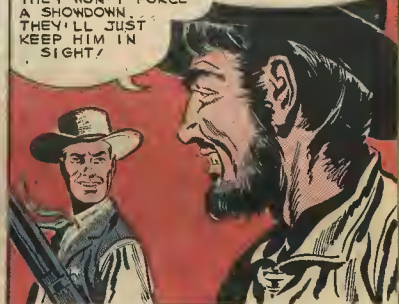
RED FOGARTY DOESN'T HAVE A FRIEND IN THE WORLD... EXCEPT THE MONEY HE STEALS! AND THAT WON'T SAVE HIM THIS TIME!



COMANCHE CHARLIE WAS WAITING WHEN THEY ARRIVED!



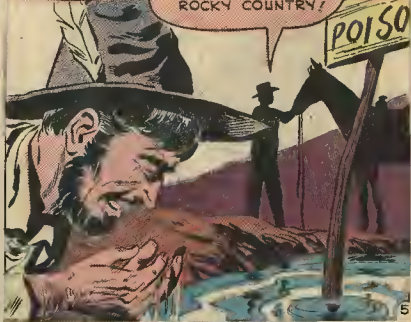
HE'LL THINK A POSSE IS CLOSE BEHIND HIM RIGHT NOW! TWO COMANCHE BRAVES ARE TRAILIN' HIM... ON MY ORDERS! THEY WON'T FORCE A SHOWDOWN. THEY'LL JUST KEEP HIM IN SIGHT!



I HAD A SIGN ERECTED AT SULPHUR SPRINGS... IT SAYS POISON! WE'LL STOP THERE FOR WATER!



FOGARTY LEFT HIS HORSE... BUT HE STILL MAY GET AWAY! HE WON'T LEAVE MUCH OF A TRACK IN THIS ROCKY COUNTRY!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

"FIRST TIME EVER"

NATURAL

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Phyllis Kirk
Tommy Kirk

Tennessee Ernie Ford
Four Aces
Four Lads
Annette Funicello
James Garner
Darlene Gillespie
Robert Horton
Rock Hudson
Tab Hunter
Will Hutchins
Effrem Zimbalist
Roger Smith
Peter Brown
Riche Valens

Jerry Lee Lewis
Sophia Loren
Guy Madison
Sal Mineo
David Nelson
Ricky Nelson
Hugh D'Brian
Tony Perkins
Elvis Presley
Wayde Preston
Jon Provost
Debbie Reynolds
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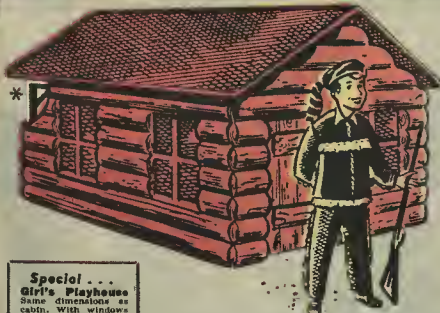
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from 4 to 14. Endless hours of excitement and fun for every child. Terrific value at this unbelievably low price. We are the largest Mfg. and Dist. of playhouses in the U. S. Over 200,000 satisfied customers. Your satisfaction guaranteed. Was Nationally advertised at \$1.98. Now only \$1.00. It's huge, over 3 ft. high, approx. 23 cu. ft. interior, covers almost 9 sq. ft. of floor space. King-size replica, complete with sloping roof. Authentically imprinted Split-Log walls. Large door and windows may be opened and closed. Waterproof for year round indoor and outdoor play. Gives children unlimited scope to use their imagination. Youngsters can play Nursery Games. Older children find it exciting to use as a Western Jail for rustlers. Bankhouse for rough riding cowboys. Seafarer's Cabin attacked by Indians, etc. Shipped pre-assembled with 4 interlocking roof supports. Sets up in 1 minute. No tools necessary. Send cash, check or M. O. Plus 25c for handling and postage charges on each house. Guaranteed. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

FRONTIER CABIN, Room #15C No C.O.D.'s
1472 Broadway, N. Y. 36, N. Y.

Enclosed herewith in \$ for
Frontier Cabins. Please Rush.

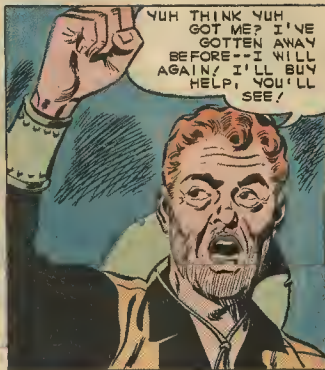
Name
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Special ...
Girl's Playhouse
Same dimensions as cabin. With windows and doors. Beautifully decorated with flower boxes and shrubs, shutters and shingle walls. A delightful Playhouse.
Only \$1.00
(plus 25c postage)

Constructed of durable Dupont Flame Resistant waterproof plastic for extra durability.
*Cut-away view shows a unique 3-piece construction utilizing extended folding table legs, supporting roof.

OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

THE OUTLAW STAGGERED ON, ALMOST OUT OF HIS HEAD, BUT HE USED HIS ANIMAL CUNNING TO HIDE HIS TRAIL...



BUT THERE WAS NO ONE NEAR THAT UNDERSTOOD THE VALUE OF HIS STOLEN MONEY! THE WOLVES WERE THERE... IT WASN'T GOLD THAT DREW THEM!

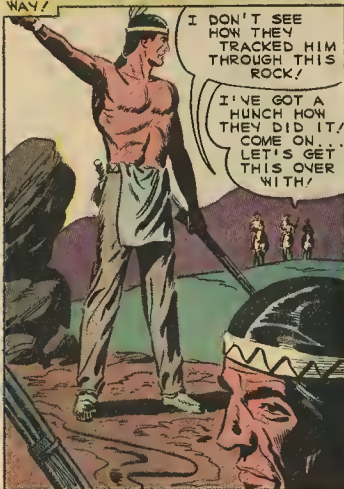


NOR WERE THE VULTURES WAITING FOR FINANCIAL GAIN!

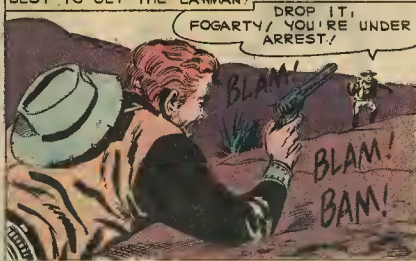


OUTLAWS OF THE WEST

JED BARKLEY, COMANCHE CHARLIE AND THE LAWMAN WERE GETTING NEAR...COMANCHE CHARLIE'S INDIAN BRAVES WERE THERE TO POINT THE WAY!



FOGARTY SAW HIM COMING...HE DID HIS BEST TO GET THE LAWMAN!



I'M CAUGHT...BUT I'LL GET AWAY! I'VE GOT FRIENDS, I HAVE!



YOU'RE WRONG...THE WORLD HATES YOU, FOGARTY! YOUR "FRIENDS" LED ME TO YOU! EVEN YOUR MONEY BETRAYED YOU...



SEE, FOGARTY? THE MONEY YOU STOLE WAS SCATTERED ALONG YOUR TRAIL! THE INDIANS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TRACK YOU EXCEPT FOR THAT!



(END)

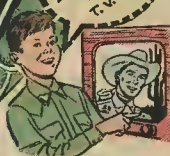
BOYS! Be a WESTERN HERO!

MAKE ANY COLLAR
A WESTERN COLLAR

NEW! *all the* RAGE!



NOW I CAN
LOOK LIKE A
WESTERN
T.V. HERO



They're GOLD PLATED! Wear on any shirt!

Easy On! Easy Off Fasteners

Boys everywhere—from Maine to California—from Texas to Canada—here's a brand new idea to make any shirt as handsome as those worn by the Western heroes on T.V. and in the movies. Rich, bright gold plated—slips right over the points of your collar and fasten on quickly. Look at the terrific designs to choose from—saddle, gun and holster, boot and spur—or your name or initials ENGRAVED. See the SPECIAL OFFER when you order two pairs—FREE a high quality Western String Tie with your name engraved on the metal slide. You must be satisfied or your money will be cheerfully refunded. RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

ONLY

1.00
A PAIR

postpaid

CHOICE OF 5 DESIGNS

Your Name or Initials

Engraved

OR YOUR CHOICE OF

3 Western Designs

MAIL THIS ORDER FORM

BUCKAROO NOVELTIES

2048 W. NORTH AVE., CHICAGO 47, ILL.

- ☐ ENCLOSED IS \$1.00. Send postpaid the pair of collar pins with western design or engraving as checked below
- ☐ ENCLOSED IS \$2.00. Send postpaid the two pair collar pins with western design or engraving and send FREE the string tie with plate engraved with my name

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> BOOT AND SPUR | <input type="checkbox"/> Engrave My Name | <input type="checkbox"/> Engrave My Initials |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SADDLE DESIGN | | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GUN AND HOLSTER | | |

FREE GIFT OFFER

With Orders
FOR 2



Western
String Tie
Your Name
Engraved
On Metal Slide



YOUR INITIALS

YOUR NAME



SADDLE DESIGN

GUN AND HOLSTER

Boot and Spur Shows at Top

My name is Charles Atlas. Of course, I can't promise that you'll win the title of "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," as I did. But I *do* say that I believe I can make a mighty powerful He-Man out of you — in a very short time. In fact, you can prove it to yourself — without risking a penny. And I have good reason for believing I can do it. Because during the last 30 years I have turned many thousands of weaklings — fellows who were ashamed of their bodies — into beautifully-proportioned human dynamos of strength, energy, and tireless endurance . . . with the kind of muscular development that needn't take "back talk" from any one. My big free book will tell you how my secret of Dynamic Tension may be able to do such a job for you. Where shall I send your copy? There's not a bit of cost or obligation on your part. So mail the coupon now.



Charles Atlas
Holder of title,
"World's Most
Perfectly
Developed Man"

ARE YOU
Skinny and Run Down?
•
Always Tired?
•
Nervous
•
Shy and Lacking in Confidence?
•
Overweight and Short of Breath?
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Lacking in Vim and Vigor?
•
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Do you Want to Gain Weight?
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What to Do About It is Told in My FREE BOOK!

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GIVEN AWAY**
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Mail the coupon now for your FREE copy of my valuable 32-page book. Also check the kind of body you want right in the coupon. My book tells how you can get it *fast*. See how I can give you "Stand-Out" muscles *where* you want them, add inches to your chest and shoulders; make your legs and arms bulge with power. Read how "Dynamic Tension" can make you a new man — confident, popular, successful. See pages of actual photos of men who have become "Atlas Champions" my way. Read the answers to vital questions about your health — your personality — your future — **WHAT I can do for you and HOW I do it.** Rush the coupon to me personally:

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325 G
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want: (Check as many as you like)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> More Height—Solid in The Right Places | <input type="checkbox"/> Slimmer Waist and Hips |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Broader Chest and Shoulders | <input type="checkbox"/> More Powerful Leg Muscles |
| <input type="checkbox"/> More Powerful Arms and Grip | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Sleep, More Energy |

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and lending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name (Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State



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**Who Never Thought They Could-
NOW MAKING \$50 to \$500
in Spare Time...**

... Just Supplying Friends and Neighbors
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WE'LL SEND YOU THIS ASSORTMENT ON APPROVAL
PLUS EVERYTHING ELSE YOU NEED TO START *Free!*

There's no trick to making extra money. Thousands of Boys, Girls, Men, Women who never earned any extra money before are now enjoying \$50 to \$500 cash for just a few hours spare time. So can you! It's simple—everyone you know needs Christmas Cards. Friends, relatives, neighbors, tradespeople will buy their cards from someone. Why not you? With the exciting 1959 Wallace Brown Line of nationally famous Christmas Cards, you supply them with greetings so spectacular, so low-priced, that they sell on sight. Folks snap up 2, 3, 6 or more boxes on the spot. You make up to 50¢ on each one. Could anything be simpler? We make it easier yet by sending you our "Feature" Christmas Assortment that does the selling for you. See without risking a penny how much fun making extra money can be. Just mail coupon TODAY! You'll be glad you did!

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We'll send you the spectacular new
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Paste Coupon on gift card
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If writing for an organization, give its name _____

ORGANIZATIONS:

Churches, clubs, etc. can add
hundreds of dollars to treasuries
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FREE Samples of Popular-Priced
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Thrill your friends and neighbors and make even MORE MONEY for yourself with exquisite custom-designed NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards at amazingly low prices. A large variety of exclusive, original designs for folks who want the finest quality in Personalized Christmas Cards at prices everyone can afford. They sell just by being shown. It's so easy, too, because we ship direct to your customers and we pay postage. You have no bother, no wasted time making deliveries. Send coupon for FREE Samples of the 4 Great New Lines of these fast-selling cards.

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